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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
"The Independent Farmer."
When first the rose in robe of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage-porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.
The blackbird clucks behind the plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The gray old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands,
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands—
The Independent Farmer.

SARAH C. DOUGHERTY.

We give place to the following because it relates to a person well known to many of our readers, and it will, no doubt, be read with interest by them. We wish, however, that the writer had given more of a history and less of an eulogy; or, at least, given incidents in the life of the subject, illustrating the good qualities she is said to have possessed:

"This amiable and esteemed young woman, the eldest daughter of Rev. James Dougherty, died at Johnson, on the 3d inst., in the 27th year of her age. Miss Dougherty has been for several years a valued and successful teacher. She had rare qualifications for this work. And her devoted life is worthy of mention; to embody its spirit is a noble but difficult attainment. In her influence, as a teacher, she had attained great usefulness; the habitual dignity of her character was opposed to all mere showy appearances. The law of her life was sincerity; realities, alone, were dear to her heart. She clearly understood the teacher's duties and obligations. An idea in her mind was a gleam of light, and she loved to communicate it, as clearly as she saw it. Her affectionate tenderness and unwearied devotion for their good, won the admiration and confidence of her pupils. The silent power of her loving and devoted life, unconsciously, attracted them to her. They knew she loved them, they felt the singleness of her friendship, the blended dignity and courtesy of manners endeared her to a large circle of acquaintances and friends. She was universally esteemed. These characteristics combined with her assiduous devotion to study and labor, and her clear discriminating mind secured for her the rich and peculiar honors of the teacher's life.

Her attention to her text-books did not hamper her mind, or prevent general reading and liberal culture. Refinement of taste, delicacy of feeling, and a judgment of remarkable maturity and ripeness blended in all her actions. The same traits of heart and mind made her the wise counsellor of her pupils and friends.

Her imagination was enriched with historic and beautiful imagery, but it was kept under the guide of a wise judgment. Though she could clothe her sentiments with appropriate and graceful illustrations, yet they were rather the acquisitions of thoughtful reading and careful observation, than the play of the imagination.

Her intellect was eminently a practical one. She had great skill in seizing the main points of any question, and placing them in clear light before the minds of her pupils.

She loved the contemplation of principles; but in her application of them, she could make allowance for the actual state of things in the world and society around her. The greatest calmness and sweetness of disposition were manifest in all her relations. No high tones of voice, or dark expressions of countenance in difficult and trying scenes indicated an irritated and

chafed spirit. She patiently cultivated a meek and quiet temper; and calm self-control was her graceful reward. Great frankness and cordiality of manner were happily blended with great prudence. Her refined taste shrank alike from all display on her own part and from all coarseness on the part of others.

In the free intercourse of friendship none ever bore a warmer, kinder heart. She was beneficent to a fault; her charity did not evaporate in good wishes; how many hearts bless her for timely aid and encouragement! how many afflicted families have felt her unobtrusive sympathy and the light of her personal presence!

In the retirement of home—how considerate, how amiable and how exemplary she was, they only can tell who feel that, in the daughter, in the sister, and in the friend, they have lost one whose place cannot be filled. The testimony of all who have known her most intimately would prove, how fully she had possessed herself of those qualities which shed around the little world of home, the serene and unbroken sunshine of cheerfulness and affection.

But the chief excellence and grace of her character had its root in religion. She loved the teachings of the Bible, she drank daily from its pure and ennobling streams. They gave freshness and beauty to her thoughts—they threw around her talents the charm of originality and the loveliness of christian generosity. Devotion and "good deeds," united gracefully in religion with her, was an inner life working outward into practical perfectness. It was an altar fire purifying the whole man. It was a seeking after the bounding, pulsating life of love, purity, goodness and truth.

Christianity found in her its truest expression. 'Christ in you the hope of glory.' It was a principle and a spirit influencing her whole life; it was in her whole character; it shed everywhere the hues and bloom and fruits of spiritual life. Hers was a practical religion, uniform, steady and noiseless as the light of day; it was 'full of mercy and good fruits.'

The refinement and polish of her manners—her intelligence and cheerfulness—her affability and tenderness won her the esteem of worldly minds without any sacrifice of principle or concealment of her christian character.

Such was her life. It went out gradually through a long and painful illness, which was borne patiently. Jesus softened her dying pillow. There were no raptures—but there was peace. God's messenger came, and she answered serenely, 'I will arise and go to my Father.' A fit death to a fit life. E. W."

The Boston Journal says: The Green Mountain boys have thus far led the van, and we have no doubt that when the "tug of war" comes the confidence of the government in them will be fully justified. The descendants of Ethan Allen and his brave followers are not the men to flinch at sight of the foe. To the Vt. 2d is allotted the honor of thus heading the Union column. It is now occupying the advance position at Lewinsville, and expects to keep it up all the way down to Manassas. Every morning at 4 o'clock, says the New York Post's army correspondent, Gen. Smith's entire brigade is drawn up in battle array to be in readiness for attack. That is the hour out of the 24 when attacks are most likely to be made, and as this brigade is in a very exposed position, it is at all times ready for an attack. The hills near Lewisville will very soon be so fortified as to make the position impregnable.

Another brilliant exploit on a small scale marks our naval operations. A large rebel schooner was burnt in Dumfries creek, on the Potomac, Friday morning, by a boat expedition from the steamer Union. The job was handsomely done, and the men retired safely, although their clothing and the boats were riddled with balls.

The confederates have made a dash at the Zouaves on Rosas island, near Fort Pickens, and according to their own report surprised them, routed them and destroyed their encampment.

From the Home Journal. THE OLDEN TIME.

JUMPING ACROSS THE MOHAWK RIVER.

But Jones himself was no bad hand at a hoax, as the following adventure will exhibit.

One afternoon, early in the fall, Jones and myself took a ride to the Cohoes falls. The season had been uncommonly dry, and the bed of the river was bare, except a narrow stream in a deep channel about midway, some twenty feet wide. The projection of the rock near the right bank, which, when the river is at ordinary flood, is deeply covered, and forms one of the most striking beauties of the cascade, was entirely dry; and we descended by it to the pool at the foot of the fall. After we had regained the upper level, we walked out to the edge of the stream, and Jones remarked he could almost jump across it.

The next day, after breakfast, as we were descending the steps to the sidewalk, he slipped and tore his pantaloons, which were then worn very tight, across the knee. The usual appliance in such cases, was a handkerchief bound over the fracture, with a slight limp in the walk, in order to induce a belief that the limb was wounded, until the tailor could apply the legitimate remedy.

The oldest member of the Marquis's boarders was a lawyer in good practice, who, for his excellent character and amiable disposition, was the acknowledged mentor and moderator of the fraternity. His partner in business was a Dutchman of one of the oldest and most respectable families in the city; himself endowed with every virtue, and beloved and respected by all who knew him, and withal of a grave and dignified demeanor.

In the afternoon, Jones limped into the office of the partners, and found with them a countryman and fellow-student of the elder, a practitioner at Schaghticoke, afterward much renowned for a lucid exposition of the difference in doctrines between the Presbyterians and the Reformed Dutch Church, which he gave in answer to President Madison's inquiry. "Why, sir," he said, "they sing long metre, and we sing short metre."

"You appear to be lame, Mr. Jones," said the gentleman. "What is the matter with your knee?"

"Oh, nothing serious," was the reply. "It might have been, however, for the adventure was very extraordinary."

"What was it?" asked the interlocutor. "I should like to hear it."

"Why, really, sir," said Jones, "I hardly dare relate it, for it is so incredible that no one will believe me."

"Let us know it," said Mr. K—; "you have excited my curiosity to the utmost."

"Well, then," said Jones, "at the risk of being set down as another Munchausen I will relate it. I went with a friend yesterday afternoon to visit the Cohoes falls, and we found the bed of the river above them so bare that we walked half-way across; and there, in a very narrow channel, the water was running swiftly. I am a pretty good hand at a leap, and I determined to jump across. My companion tried to dissuade me; but, taking a good run, I cleared the chasm and came down safely on the other side. I thought it would be easy to leap back again; and so it would have been, but my foot slipped upon something—probably eel slime—and I reached but half-way. Although I swim very well, the current carried me within twenty feet of the fall, when, by great exertion, I shot into an eddy caused by the projection of the bank above, and got safe ashore. I had a very narrow escape, but I am quit for a lameness, which will wear off in a few days."

This was said with such an impenetrable countenance that it commanded belief. Besides, K—had but the day before crossed the bridge below the falls, and noticed the river above them, which appeared but a thread; yet he half doubted, and turning to one of the partners:

"This is a most extraordinary adventure, Mr. S—," he said.

"It is, indeed," was the reply, very gravely uttered.

"What do you think, Mauny?" he asked, turning to the other; "did you ever hear anything more surprising?"

"Never, never!" was the response.

Doubt was at an end, and he went out fully convinced of the miraculous leap. Stepping into the Tontine, he found a host of quidnuncs in the bar-room.

"Did you hear what happened to young Jones yesterday?" said he.

"No; nothing extraordinary, was it?"

"I think it was," he replied. "He jumped across the Mohawk River, and coming back, fell in, and was near being carried over the falls. I saw that the water was very low, as I crossed the bridge on Wednesday, but I did not think it was so narrow."

"Jump across the Mohawk River! Why Harman, you are quizzing us!"

"No, no! I am serious. Jones did actually jump across, but fell in coming back."

"Pooh! impossible! you are running your old rigs upon us," cried one.

Again the fact was asserted with a grave countenance. Shouts of incredulity and ridicule resounded from every side.

"It is all humbug! he never did it?" said the first speaker.

"He did, for I saw him do it," said K—, vexed that he could find no believers.

I happened to come in at this time.

"Here comes one of Jones' friends," said the obstinate doubter. "Did Jones jump across the Mohawk River yesterday?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," I answered. "We were at the falls together yesterday, and climbed up and down the rock from one level to the other, and stood on the edge of the river."

"Did he not jump across?" asked K—.

"No!" I replied. "He said he could almost do it."

"Then I am completely hoaxed!" said Mr. K—.

"Why, Harman, how could you, who are quizzing everybody, be so easily fooled! And then to say you saw it done!"

"Well, he told the story so seriously, in the presence of my two friends, B— and S—, and they both took it so gravely, that I thought I might venture my endorsement. Any man is safe in swearing to what Mauny B— would say; but I am cleverly humbugged."

In the evening, he called at the Marquis's, where we were in full convalescence.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "I have haxed hundreds, but was never so victimized before."

He was the best of companions, and we all sought to draw him on to relate his celebrated "experience," which have given stitches in the sides to everybody that has heard them.

One after another related some personal anecdote; and Jones gave a history, with variations, of our sympathy for the sacrifice of our divine Aurora to the horrible ogre Richard Crawley. The name of Heartley seemed to rouse him.

"What! Harry Heartley! my old classmate!" he said. "I heard he was married. But is his wife the charming creature you describe?"

Jones and myself gave testimony from the heart of Aurora's loveliness. It seemed to move him, but did not touch the right chord. Perhaps it was a little unstrung by his recent adventure. At length, our mentor, "our guide, philosopher, and friend," began.

TRAVELS OF A FRESHMAN OF YALE IN 1798.

Most of you, gentlemen, have related some of your juvenile "accidents by flood and field." I will now tell you of my advent in this state, and my first entry into the great city of New York. I was about fifteen years of age when I first entered the Freshman's class of Yale College. This was before young America was born; or, at least, before he had been seen in New England. There we were taught a Spartan veneration for age, and due regard to station. The sight of a cocked hat, which usually denoted a minister or a magistrate, was sure to call forth a respectful bow and a doffing of the beaver from everybody, and a thrice reverential greeting from youth of both sexes.

My father was at his duties in Congress, and my excellent mother, in confiding me to the care of a neighbor, who was about taking his son (my classmate)

to New Haven, bade me fear God and obey his commandments, honor the president and all in authority under him, to obey my teachers and be industrious in studies. With these admonitions, I was sent forth to tough it at college, where, with the exception of the lad who accompanied me, I was a perfect stranger.

College fare was hard enough. The commons were scanty in quantity and deficient in quality; yet I made no complaint; never called the steward—who was an excellent and pious citizen, and leading deacon of his church—"Holy Jerry," the sobriquet by which he was known in the Hall; never scattered the food about, nor ever laughed very loud at such pranks committed by others, although I was on one occasion sorely tempted, when a neighbor on my side of the table threw a pat of rancid butter, about the size of my fist, into the left eye of one opposite, who suffered it to remain there, occasionally nicking a piece to butter his bread, in the hope the tutor would make his round and punish the sender; but this catastrophe was prevented by a lucky shot with a crust of bread, which cleared the adversary's eye before any member of the faculty made his appearance.

The first vacation had arrived. Myself and chum had a most ardent desire to see New York, and we each had written home for permission to go there, and for funds to bear expenses; and in our best suit, after putting what changes of raiment were necessary in a small trunk, we went on board a New Haven packet bound to the great city, of which Captain Abraham Bradley was master and owner. Now, the fashions of that day differ materially from those of this. We were dressed both alike: nankeen short breeches, cotton stockings having zigzag longitudinal stripes of pale blue and deep indigo alternately, with white cloaks, steel knee-buckles, white waistcoats, white cravats, tied in an elaborate bow, the embroidered ends carefully displayed, and coats of that curious mixture called by many pepper and salt, completed our costume. And thus equipped, we set out on our travels.

Two more shy or diffident boys the college could not have sent forth; yet, nervous by our curiosity, we got on board the packet. The passage was a quick one; Hell Gate was passed, the steward muleting us in a bottle of wine as we went through, and an hour after breakfast we landed into Barling Slip, along side of another packet intending to sail for home in the afternoon.

As we were about to land, the thought struck us for the first time, where we should stay while we remained in town. To go to the Tontine Coffee-House nearby, we did not dare, and we concluded to seek some private boarding-house. It was our intention to ask information of the captain; but as he came out of his state-room in full dress, with his wig newly powdered, his appearance was too formidable. We might have applied to the mate, but he had made some scurv jokes about our stockings, calling them "schoolmasters' stockings," and we disdained to ask him. Our only resource, then, was to inquire of some person whom we might encounter.

We landed and passed up the slip. We met several persons, but their aspects were too forbidding. At last, a jolly tar came rolling along.

"What cheer, my hearties? Whether bond?" he asked.

Here was an excellent opportunity for our inquiry.

"We are looking for a private boarding-house," I replied. "Can you recommend us to a good one?"

"The best in the whole city," he answered. "Come with me, my lads, I'll fit you in no time."

Then taking an arm of each, he turned into a street with a board at the corner, on which was inscribed "Water-street," and passing a few houses, came to a small two-story, wooden building, painted yellow, over the door of which was a sign which purported it to be the domicile of "Dorothy Bellows," and it signified that she took "boarders and lodgers," and sold "oysters and porter."

"Here we are," said our conductor. "I know Dolly has two hammocks empty, and she'll take you in for my sake. Come up, and I'll show you your quarters."

He dragged us up stairs where there was a large chamber hung with hammocks, wherever there was room for one, and pointing to two in a remote corner:

"There," said he, "you will be close together, as snug as need be."

No objections were made by us to this arrangement, and we descended to the front parlor, which was nicely sanded and tolerably clean. Here we found the landlady.

"Dolly, my girl," said our conductor, "here are a couple of nice lads for boarders; you must make much of 'em."

"That I will," she said.

"Good-bye till dinner-time," said our friend, and he went his way.

We could do nothing better than to ask the terms of our hostess, for board and lodgings for a week, which being ascertained, we ordered a dozen of fried oysters and some porter. These were soon forthcoming. We asked the cost.

"O, I'll put it in the bill," was the answer.

But we insisted on paying, and we were left alone, with the exception of a large parrot, which hung in the doorway which opened to the street.

Here was a dilemma! and how to extricate ourselves? We concluded to discuss the oysters, and leave the event to time. The oysters were gone, the porter nearly exhausted, when we were startled by a hoarse voice:

"What a pair of confounded lubbers," rang close to our ears.

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"What a pair of confounded lubbers," rang close to our ears.

We looked about for the speaker. Nothing was to be seen. We opened a closet door, but it was empty. While we were thus employed, the same voice from the other side of the room repeated:

"What a pair of confounded lubbers! ha! ha! ha!"

We turned, and detected the parrot in his cachinnations. Seizing the pint pot, I dashed the remainder of the porter over the insolent bird, who squallied like a fury; and then we both took to our legs and pushed for the slip. Turning the corner before our landlady could discover us, we hurried on, crossed the deck of Captain Bradley's sloop, taking our trunk on board the homeward bound packet, and encased ourselves in the cabin till she was fairly under sail, postponing our exploration of the city to a future day.

We all enjoyed the story of our friend, but none more than Mr. K—, who, being now in the vein, gave us his "experience" in his best style, frequently referring to me for confirmation of some fact, with a "You remember the time, Johnson?"

"Twas when we boarded with Fully Down," and such peals of laughter never before resounded in the Marquis's domicile.

For my part, I could hardly forbear bursting out anew after I got to bed, although I had contracted a pain in the side by too much indulgence during the narrative.

A NICE PLACE TO LIVE.—The disputed territory between the two armies south of the Potomac must furnish anything but quiet and peaceful places of residence.

What with picket skirmishing and the depredations of marauding soldiers, to say nothing of the contingency of a furious battle, one would think that the region would be completely deserted by all save the contending armies. Yet it seems not to be so. The army correspondent of the New York Post says that a Connecticut gentleman who owns a small estate near Falls Church, went over a day or two since to look at his tenants.

The family has remained in the dwelling through the whole troubles of picket skirmishing, and scarce a day has passed for a month that they have not witnessed sanguinary scenes from their windows. The building lay between the pickets, neither party venturing to it. On one occasion a Federal soldier ventured down to the well for some water, and was shot dead by a rebel bullet while drinking. There the body remained for a day or two. The house itself has been pierced with bullets, but none of the family were harmed.